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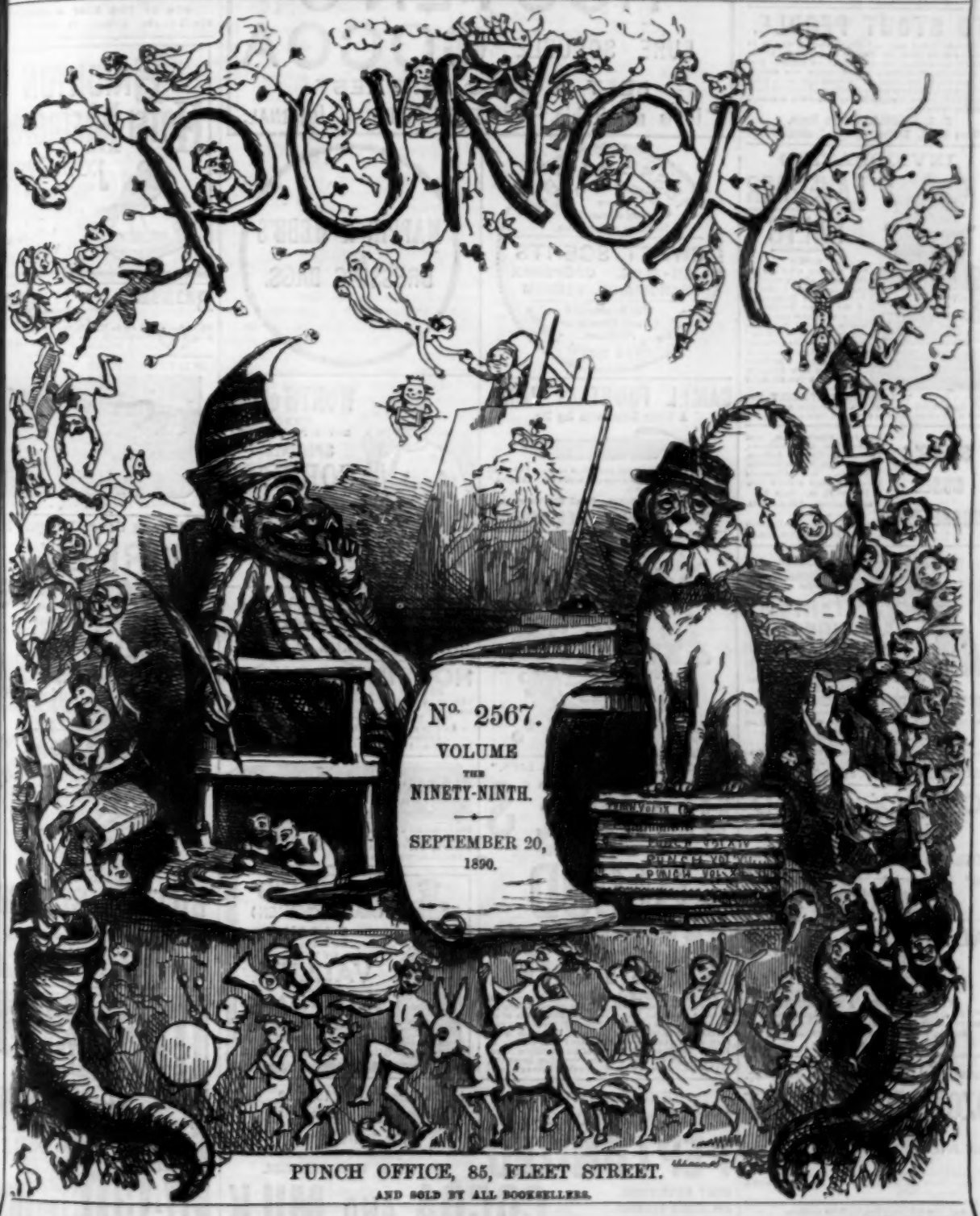

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OUT FOR ANOTHER HOLIDAY.

(By our Impartial and Not to-be-biassed Critic.)

I HAD been told that Ostend was an excellent place. "Quite a Town of Palaces!" was the enthusiastic description that had reached me. So I determined to leave "Delicious Dover" (as the holiday Leader-writer in the daily papers would call it), and take boat for the Belgian coast.

The sea was as calm as a lake, and the sun lazily touched up the noses of those who slumbered on the beach. There is an excellent service of steamers between England and Belgium. This service has but one drawback—a slight one: the vessels have a way with them of perpetrating practical jokes. Only a week or so ago one lively mail-carrier started prematurely, smashing a gangway, and dropping a portmanteau quietly into the ocean. On my return from foreign shores, I passed the same cheerful ship lying in mid-channel as helpless as an infant. However, the accident (something, I fancy, had gone wrong with the engines) appeared to be treated as more amusing than important. Still, perhaps, it would be better were the name of this luckless boat changed to *Le Farceur*: then travellers would know what to expect. But I must confess that my experiences were perfectly pleasant. The steamer in which I journeyed crossed the Channel in the advertised time, and if I wished to be hypercritical, I would merely hint that the official tariff of the refreshments sold on board is tantalising. When I wanted cutlets, I was told they were "off," and when I asked for "cold rosbif," that was "off" too. The *garçon* (who looked more like a midshipman than a cabin-boy) took ten minutes to discover this fact. And as I had to rely upon him for information, I had to wait even longer before the desired (or rather undesired) intelligence was conveyed to me. I pride myself upon caring nothing about food, but this failure to obtain my heart's (or thereabouts') yearning caused me sore annoyance.

Well, I reached Ostend. The town of palaces contained a Kursaal and a Casino. There were also a number of large hotels of the King's Road, Brighton, *plus* Northumberland Avenue type. Further, there were several *maisons meublées* let out in flats, and (to judge from the prices demanded and obtained for them) *to* flats. The *suite* of apartments on the ground floor consisted of a small bed-room, a tiny drawing-room, and a balcony. The balcony was used as a *salle à manger* in fine weather, and a place for the utterance of strong expressions (so I was informed) when the rain interfered with *al fresco* comfort. There was a steam tramway, and some bathing-machines of the springless throw-you-down-when-you-least-expect-it sort. The streets, omitting the walk in front of the sea, were narrow, and the shops about as interesting as those at the poorer end of the Tottenham Court Road. But these were merely details, the pride of Ostend being the Kursaal, which reminded me of an engine-house near a London terminus. I purchased a ticket for the Kursaal and the Casino. There was to be a concert at the first and a ball at the last. I soon had enough of the concert, and started for the ball.

It was then that I found a regulation in force that made my cheeks tingle with indignation as an Englishman. Although the tickets costing three francs a piece, were said to secure admittance to the Kursaal and the Casino, I noticed that children—good and amiable children—were not allowed to enter the latter place. I could understand the feelings of a gentleman who attempted to obtain access for his eldest lad—a gallant boy of some fourteen summers, and a baker's dozen of winters. My heart went out to that British Father as he disputed with the Commissaires at the doorway, and called the attention of the Representative of "the Control" to the fact that his *billet* was misleading. "You are an Englishman," said the Representative of the Control, "and the English observe the law." "Yes," returned the angry Father; "but in England the Law would support one in obtaining that for which one had paid. My son has paid for admission to the Kursaal *and* the Casino! He is refused admittance to the Casino, therefore this ticket of his spreads false intelligence! It is a liar! It is a miserable! It should be called the traitor ticket!" But all was useless. The gallant lad had to remain with the umbrellas! I could not help sympathising with that father. I could not refrain from agreeing with him, that where such a thing was possible, something must be entirely wrong. I could not deny that under the circumstances Ostend was a sham, a delusion, and a snare! When he observed that Ostend was grotesquely expensive, I admitted that he was right. When he said that it was not a patch upon Boulogne or Dieppe, I again acquiesced. When he asserted that every English tourist would be wise to avoid the place, I acknowledged that there was the genuine ring of truth in his declaration. When he appealed to me, as a dispassionate observer, to say whether I did not consider the conduct of the authorities arbitrary, unjust, and absurd, I was forced to admit that I *did* consider that conduct absolutely indefensible. Lastly, when he announced that he intended never to say another word in praise of Ostend, I confessed that I had come in my own mind to the same determination.

P.S.—I may add that I was accompanied by my son, who was also refused admittance. But this is a matter of purely personal interest, and has nothing whatever to do with it.

THE CACHET OF CASH AT DRURY LANE.

A Million of Money, "a new military, sporting, and spectacular Drama," is a marvel of stage management. No better things than the *tableaux* of the Derby Day, the grounds of the Welcome Club, and the departure of the Guards from Wellington Barracks for foreign parts have been seen for many a long year. In such a piece the dialogue is a matter of secondary consideration, and even the story is of no great importance. That the plot should remind one of Drury Lane successes in the past is not surprising, considering that one of the authors (who modestly places his name second on the programme, when everyone feels that it should come first) has been invariably associated with those triumphs of scenic art. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS has beaten his own record, and the *Million of Money* so lavishly displayed behind the scenes, is likely to be rivaled by the takings in front of the Curtain—or to be more exact, at the BOX-office. The Authors, in more senses than one, have carried money into the house. But they have done more—they have inculcated a healthy moral. While MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is teaching audiences a lesson in *Judah*, that would have received the enthusiastic approval of the philanthropic Earl of SHAFTESBURY, after whom Shaftesbury Theatre is, no doubt, called, the great HARRIS and the lesser PETTIT are showing us in the character of the *Rev. Gabriel Maythorne*, a Parson that would as certainly have secured the like hearty good-will at the same shadowy hands. The Rev. Gentleman is a clergyman that extorts the admiration of everyone whose good opinion is worth securing. He apparently is a "coach," and (seemingly) allows his pupils so much latitude that one of them, *Harry Dunstable* (MR. WARNER), is able to run up to town with his (the Reverend's) daughter secretly, marry her, and stay in London for an indefinite period. And he (the Parson) has no absurd prejudices—no narrow-mindedness. He goes to the Derby, where he appears to be extremely popular at luncheon-time amongst the fair ladies who patronise the tops of the drags, and later on becomes quite at home at an illuminated *fête* at the Exhibition, amidst the moonlight, and a thousand additional lamps. It is felt that the Derby is run with this good man's blessing; and everyone is glad, for, without it, in spite of the horses, jockeys, carriages, acrobats, gipsies, niggers, grooms, stable-helps, and pleasure-seekers, the *tableaux* would be æsthetically incomplete. And the daughter of the Reverend is quite as interesting as her large-hearted sire. She, too, has no prejudices (as instance, the little matrimonial trip to London); and when she has to part with her husband, on his departure (presumably *en route* to the Bermudas), she requires the vigorous assistance of a large detachment of Her Majesty's Guards to support her in her bereavement. Of the actors, MR. CHARLES GLENNEY, as a broken-down gentleman, is certainly the hero of the three hours and a half. In Act III., on the night of the first performance, he brought down the house, and received two calls before the footlights after the Curtain had descended. He has many worthy colleagues, for instance, MR. HARRY NICHOLLS, Miss MILLWARD, MR. CHARLES WARNER, and Miss FANNY BROUGH, are all that could be desired in their respective lines. But, well cast as it undoubtedly is, the play has vitality within it that does not depend for existence upon the efforts of the company. It is good all round—scenery, dresses, properties, and effects—and will keep its place at Drury Lane until dislodged by the Pantomime at Christmas.

Medal found in the Neighbourhood of Drury Lane.

CHANGE OF NAME À LA SUISSE.—Tessin and its quarrelsome inhabitants to be known in future as a Can't-get-on instead of a Canton.

MORE FROM OUR YOTTING YORICK.

STOCKHOLM approached by lovely river (that is, we approached Stockholm by lovely river), with banks and hills covered with pine and birch trees, and studded with villas, where the Stockholm people live away from the town. "Studded" is a good word, but phrase sounds too much like "studied with SASS," as so many of our best artists did. Lovely for boating. Why don't the Swedes row? *They don't.* Lots of islands, and everybody as jolly as sand-boys, especially on Sanday. By the way, what's a "sand-boy"? Why *toujours* jolly?

Swedish Politeness.

Stockholm a stunning place, all built round a huge palace, copy of the Pitti Palace in Florence. Lifts to take the people up-hill, and a circular tramway all round the town for one penny. Lots of soldiers in uniforms like Prussians or Russians, whichever you like. Such swagger policemen, all tall and handsome, with beautiful helmets and lovely coats. What would an English cook say to them?

Cathedral with tombs of GUSTAVUS VASA, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and BERNADOTTE. What was BERNADOTTE doing here? Didn't like to ask. Piled up with kettle-drums and flags taken from the Russians. I noticed in Russia their churches were equally piled up with drums and flags taken from the Swedes. Exchange is no robbery.

Snack Sideboard. "Lax and Snax."

Lunch. First view of the Swedish snacks before lunch and dinner. A side-table with caviare Lax, cut reindeer tongue, sausages, brown bread, prawns, kippered herrings, radishes, sardines, crawfish, cheeses. Should spell it "Lax and Snax." Three silver tubs of spirit—Pommerans, Renadt, and Kummin—tried 'em all. All good. "We had a good time—Kummin." The Kummin was goin',—rather. Ceiling of *restaurant* all mirrors—self keeping an eye on self.

National Museum. Splendid collection. Stone, bronze, and iron periods. Poor pictures. No end of palaces to see, till one is sick of 'em.

Swedes have a poet, BELLMAN, evidently who wrote Bacchanalian songs. They have a national holiday on July the 26th, and go to *Fête* in a Wood, where bronze head of BELLMAN is, cover it with garlands and roses, and sing and have a good time before it, just like an old Greek offering to Bacchus. I saw it. And in the evening a *fête* where they carry a child got up as Bacchus, and seated on a barrel with a wine-cup. A regular jolly drinking procession. They have a wonderful open air *restaurant* called The Hasselbacken, where you dine in delightful little green arbours, and lots of Swedish girls about. Capital dinners, A 1 wine, and first-rate music with full band.

Fête in Honour of the Poet Bellman.

No charge to go in; you pay before leaving, though. Very good waiting.

The Swedes are very polite, and take their hats off on the slightest provocation, and keep them off a long time, specially whilst talking to a lady. When talking to *two* ladies, of course they keep 'em off double the time.

Dinner in the Arbour.

Altogether a delightful place. But they all say you should come in the *winter*. Wish I could. FLOTSAM, Y.A.

P.S.—The Swedish girls are as a rule very handsome. Tall, with long legs. Men good-looking also.

I can't very well do myself; I can "do myself" remarkably well, but I mean I cannot sketch myself in a cut; but *Mr. Punch*, in cuts I have done, is far more expressive than I can make anyone else.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON (*with Mr. Punch's kind regards*).—The most Popular of Colonial Strikers—Our illustrious guests, the Australian Cricketers.

"WANTED!"

WANTED, by a well-travelled lady, of æsthetic and refined tastes, a comfortable and congenial home with a Duchess. The Advertiser, who is a person of much intelligence, and a most agreeable gossip, regards her pleasant companionship as an equivalent for the social advantages (including carriage-drives, and an introduction to the very best society), for which she is prepared to offer the very handsome remuneration of ten shillings a week.

HORSE WANTED.—Must have been placed in a recent Derby, and show a good racing record. Thoroughly sound in wind and limb, expected to be equal to carrying 13 stone in the Park, or to doing any work from a four-in-hand down to single harness in a hearse. On the advertiser being furnished with a suitable beast, he will be prepared to put down a five-pound note for him, payable by ten-shilling monthly instalments.

HOME REQUIRED FOR AN INDIAN CHIEF.—The Advertiser, who has recently received a consignment of Savages from Patagonia, and has had to entertain their Monarch in his residence at Bayswater, as he is about to pay a four weeks' visit to the Continent, is anxious in the meantime to find a suitable home for him in some quiet suburban family, who would not object to some fresh and lively experience introduced into the routine of their domestic circle, in consideration for a small payment to defray the slight extra cost involved in his support. He will give little trouble, an empty attic furnished with a hearth-rug supplying him with all the accommodation he will require, while his food has hitherto consisted of tripe, shovelled to him on a pitchfork, and stout mixed with inferior rum, of which he gets through about a horse-pailful a-day. His chief recreation being a "Demon's War Dance," in which he will, if one be handy, hack a clothes-horse to pieces with his "baloo," or two-edged chopper-axe, he might be found an agreeable inmate by an aged and invalid couple, who would relish a little unusual after-dinner excitement, as a means of passing away a quiet evening or two. Applicants anxious to secure the Chief should write at once. Three-and-sixpence a-week will be paid for his keep, which, supplying the place of the rum in his drink (which has been tried with effect) with methylated spirit mixed with treacle, affords an ample margin for a handsome profit on the undertaking.

DEVELOPMENT.

(With acknowledgments to the Author of "Patience.")

["Even a colour-sense is more important in the development of the individual than a sense of right and wrong."—OSCAR WILDE.]

If you're anxious to develop to a true hedonic "swell," hop on a pinnacle apart,
Like a monkey on a stick, and your phrases quaintly pick, and then prattle about Art.
Take some laboured paradoxes, and, like Samson's flaming foxes, let them loose amidst the corn
(Or the honest commonplaces) of the Philistines whose graces you regard with lofty scorn.
And every one will say,
As you squirm your wormy way,
"If this young man expresses himself in terms that stagger *me*,
What a very singularly smart young man this smart young man must be!"

You may be a flabby fellow, and lymphatically yellow, that will matter not a mite,
If you take yourself in hand, in a way you'll understand, to become a Son of Light.
On your crassness superimposing the peculiar art of glosing in sleek phrases about Sin.
If you aim to be a Shocker, carnal theories to cocker is *the* best way to begin.
And every one will say,
As you worm your wicked way,
"If that's allowable for *him* which were criminal in *me*,
What a very emancipated kind of youth this kind of youth must be."

Human virtues you'll abhor all, and be down upon the Moral in uncompromising style.
Your critical analysis will reduce to prompt paralysis every *motor* that's not vile.
You will show there's naught save virtue that can seriously hurt you, or your liberty enmesh;
And you'll find excitement, plenty, in Art's *dolce far niente*, with a flavour of the flesh.
And every one will say,
As you lounge your upward way,
"If he's content with a do-nothing life, which would certainly not suit *me*,
What a most particularly subtle young man this subtle young man must be!"

Then having swamped morality in "intensified personality" (which, of course, must mean your own),
And the "rational" abolished and "sincerity" demolished, you will find that you have *grown*
With a "colour-sense" fresh handselled (whilst the moral ditto's cancelled) you'll develop into—well,
What Philistia's fools malicious might esteem a *vaurien* vicious (*alias* "hedonic swell").
And every one will say,
As you writhe your sinuous way,
"If the highest result of the true 'Development' is decomposition, why see
What a very perfectly developed young man this developed young man must be."

With your perky paradoxes, and your talk of "crinkled ox-eyes," and of books in "Nile-green skin,"
That show forth unholy histories, and display the "deeper mysteries" of strange and subtle Sin.
You can squirm, and glose, and hiss on, and awake that *nouveau frisson* which is Art's best gift to life.
And "develop"—like some cancer (in the Art-sphere) whose best answer is the silent surgeon's knife!
And every *man* will say,
As you wriggle on your way,
"If 'emotion for the sake of emotion *is* the aim of Art,' dear me!
What a morbidly muckily emotional young man the 'developed' young man must be!"

MUCH MORE SUITABLE.

NEW UNIFORM FOR HER MAJESTY'S HORSE GUARDS, SUGGESTED TO MR. PUNCH BY RECENT CAVALRY EVOLUTIONS ON THE THAMES.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

[An American Correspondent of *The Galignani Messenger* is very severe on the manners of his fair countrywomen.]

She "guesses" and she "calculates," she wears all sorts o' collars,
Her yellow hair is not without suspicion of a dye;

Her "Pappa" is a dull old man who turned pork into dollars,
But everyone admits that she's indubitably spry.

She did Rome in a swift two days, gave half the time to Venice,
But vows that she saw everything, although in awful haste;
She's fond of dancing, but she seems to fight shy of lawn-tennis,
Because it might endanger the proportions of her waist.

Her manner might be well defined as elegantly skittish;
She loves a Lord as only a Republican can do;
And quite the best of titles she's persuaded are the British,
And well she knows the Peerage, for she reads it through and through.

She's bediamonded superbly, and shines like a constellation,
You scarce can see her fingers for the multitude of rings;
She's just a shade too conscious, so it seems, of admiration,
With irritating tendencies to wriggle when she sings.

She owns she is "Amur'can," and her accent is alarming;
Her birthplace has an awful name you pray you may forget;
Yet, after all, we own "*La Belle Américaine*" is charming,
So let us hope she'll win at last her long-sought coronet.

TIPS FROM THE TAPE.

(*Picked up in Mr. Punch's own Special City Corner.*)

In my last I announced that I was busily giving my mind to the launching of a new "Combination Pool" over the satisfactory results of which to all concerned in it, under certain contingencies, I had no shadow of a doubt. This I have since managed to float on the market, and, though I worked it on a principle of my own, which, for want of a better description, I have styled amalgamated "Profit and Loss," I regret to have to inform those clients who have entrusted me with their cheques in the hopes of getting, *as I really fully believed they would*, 700 per cent. for their money in three days, that I have had to close the speculation rather suddenly, and I fear, as the following illustrative figures will show in a fashion that not only deprives me of the pleasure of enclosing them a cheque for Profits, but obliges me to announce to them that their cover has disappeared. The Stocks with which I operated were "Drachenfonteim Catapulta," "Catawanga Thirty-fives," and "Blinker's Submarine Explosives." The ILLUSTRATION, I hoped, *would have stood as follows:—*

£100 invested in Drachenfonteim Catatpults, showing profit of 1 per cent.	£100
£100 invested in Catawanga Thirty-fives, showing profit of 2½ per cent.	£250
£300 invested in Blinker's Submarine Explosives, showing profit of 3 per cent.	£900
Gross Profits	£1250

Unfortunately, however, the real figures came out rather differently, for they stood, I regret to say, as under:—

£100 invested in Drachenfonteim Catapults, at a loss of 5 per cent.	£500
£100 invested in Catawanga Thirty-fives, at a loss of 7 per cent.	£700
£300 invested in Blinker's Submarine Explosives, at at a loss of 4 per cent.	£1200
Total loss	£2400

This, I need scarcely say, has at present not only eaten up every halfpenny of cover, but a great deal besides; and I am not sure that I shall not have to come down on my clients to make good the balance. I cannot account for the result, except from the fact that a new clerk read out the wrong tape; and when I telephoned to my West-End Private Inquiry Agent about these very three Stocks, he appears not to have heard me distinctly, and thought I was asking him about Goschens, the old Three-per-Cents., and Bank Stock, about which, of course, he could only report favourably. It is an awkward mistake, but, as I point out to all my clients, one must not regard the Dealer as infallible. These things will occur. However, I am going to be more careful in future; and I may as well announce now, that on Monday next I am about to open a new Syndicate Combination Pool, with a Stock about which I have made the most thorough and exhaustive inquiries, with the result that I am convinced an enormous fortune will be at the command of anyone who will entrust me with a sufficiently large cheque in the shape of cover to enable me to realise it.

For obvious reasons I keep the name of this Stock at present a dead secret. Suffice it to say, that the operation in question is connected with an old South-American Gold Mine, about to be reworked under the auspices of a new company who have bought it for a mere song. When I tell my clients that I have got all my information from the Chairman, *who took down under his greatcoat a carpet-bag full of crushed quarts carefully mixed with five ounces of gold nuggets*, and emptied this out at the bottom of a disused shaft, and then got a Yankee engineer to report the discovery of ore in "lumps as big as your fist," and state this in the new prospectus, they will at once see what a solid foundation I have for this new venture, which must inevitably fly upwards by leaps and bounds as soon as the shares are placed upon the market. Of course, when the truth comes out, there will be a reaction, but my clients may trust me to be on the look-out for that, and, after floating with all their investments to the top of the tide, to get out of the concern with enormous profits before the bubble eventually bursts. It is by a command of information of this kind that I hope to ensure the confidence and merit the support of my friends and patrons. Remember Monday next, and bear in mind a cheque for three-and-sixpence covers £5000. The subjoined is from my correspondence:—

SIR,—I have as trustee for five orphan nieces to invest for each of them £3 18*s.* 9*d.*, left them by a deceased maternal cousin. How ought I to invest this to the greatest advantage with a due regard to security. What do you say to Goschens? Or would you recommend Rio Diavolos Galvanics! These promise a dividend of 70 per cent., and although they have not paid one for some time, are a particularly cheap stock at the present market price, the scrip of the Five per Cent. Debenture Stock being purchased by a local butterman at seven pounds for a halfpenny. A Spanish Nobleman who holds some of this, will let me have it even cheaper. What would you advise me to do? Yours, &c., A TRUSTEE IN A FOG.

Don't touch Goschens, they are not a speculative Stock. You certainly might do worse than the Rio Diavolos Galvanics. Do not hesitate, but put the little all of your five orphan nieces into them at once, and *wait for the rise.*

ON THE CARDS.

(*By a Whist-loving Malade-Imaginaire.*)

Oh, where shall I hit on a "perfect cure"?
(What ails me I am not quite sure that I'm sure)
To Nice, where the weather is nice—with vagaries?
The Engadine soft or the sunny Canaries?
To Bonn or Wiesbaden? My doctor laconic
Declares that the Teutonic air is too tonic.
Shall I do Davos-Platz or go rove the Riviera?
Or moon for a month in romantic Madeira?
St. Moritz or Malaga, Aix, La Bourboule?
Bah! My doctor's a *farceur* and I am—a fool.
I will *not* try Switzerland, Norway, or Rome.
I'll go in for a rest and a rubber—at home.
A Windermere wander, *and* Whist, I feel sure,
Will give what I'm seeking, a true "Perfect Cure."

A BUBBLE FROM THE SUDS.—A Firm of Soap-boilers have been sending round a circular to "Dramatic Authors" of established reputation, and (no doubt) others, offering to produce gratis the best piece submitted to them at a "*Matinée* performance at a West End Theatre." The only formality necessary to obtain this sweet boon is the purchase of a box of the Firm's soap, which will further contain a coupon "entitling the owner to send in one new and original play for reading." The idea that a Dramatic Author of any standing would submit his work to such a tribunal, even with the dazzling prospect of a *Matinée in futuro*, is too refreshing! However, as literary men nowadays fully appreciate the value of their labour, the idea, in spite of the soap with which it is associated, may be dismissed with the words, "Won't Wash!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHY doesn't some publisher bring out *The Utterbosh Series*, for, upon my word, says the Baron, the greater part of the books sent in for "notice" are simply beneath it. Here's one on which I made notes as I went on, as far as I could get through it. It is called *Nemesis: a Moral Story*, by SETON CREWE. Its sole merit would have been its being in one volume, were it not that this form, being a bait to the unwary, aggravates the offence. The heroine is *Lucinda*, a milliner's apprentice. Being compromised by a young gentleman under age, who suddenly quits the country, she goes to confess her sin to the simple-minded Curate, who sees no way out of the difficulty except by marrying his penitent, which he does, and after the christening of her first-born, a joyous event that occurs at no great interval after the happy wedding-day, the Curate, the *Reverend Mr. Smith*, is transferred by his Bishop from this parish to somewhere else a considerable distance off, whence, after a variety of troubles, he goes abroad as a travelling watering-place clergyman. After this, his wife becomes a Roman Catholic for six months, and then developes into a thoroughpaced infidel of generally loose character. She takes up with a Lion Comique of the Music-Halls, who is summarily kicked down-stairs by the *Reverend Mr. Smith* on his return home one evening. And at this point I closed the book, not caring one dump what became of any of the characters, or of the book, or of the writer, and unable to wait for the moral of this highly "moral story," which, I dare say, might have done me a great deal of good. So I turned to *Vanity Fair*, and re-read for the hundredth time, and with increased pleasure, the great scene where *Rawdon Crawley*, returning home suddenly, surprises *Becky* in her celebrated *tête-à-tête* with my *Lord Steyne*.

With pleasure the Baron welcomes Vol. No. IV. of ROUTLEDGE'S *Carisbrooke Library*, which contains certain *Early Prose Romances*, the first and foremost among them being the delightful fable of *Reynart the Fox*. Have patience with the old English, refer to the explanatory notes, and its perusal will well repay every reader. How came it about that modern *Uncle Remus* had caught so thoroughly the true spirit of this Mediæval romance? I forget, at this moment, who wrote *Uncle Remus*—and I beg his pardon for so doing—but whoever it was, he professed only to dress up and record what he had actually heard from a veritable *Uncle Remus*. *Brer Rabbit*, *Brer Fox*, and *Old Man Bar*, are not the creatures of *Æsop's Fables*; they are the characters in *Reynart the Fox*. The tricks, the cunning, the villany of *Reynart*, unredeemed by aught except his affection for his wife and family, are thoroughly amusing, and his ultimate success, and increased prosperity, present a truer picture of actual life than novels in which vice is visibly punished, and virtue patiently rewarded. And once more I call to mind the latter days of *Becky's* career.

Speaking of THACKERAY, Messrs. CASSELL & Co. have just brought out a one-and-threepenny edition ("the threepence be demmed!") of the *Yellowplush Papers*, with a dainty canary-coloured *Jeames* on the cover. At the same time the same firm produce, in the same form, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Last Days of Palmyra*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*. Odd, that the first issue of this new series should be nearly all "Lasts." *The Yellowplush Papers* might have been kept back, and *The Last of the Barons* been substituted, just to make the set of lasts perfect. The expression is suggestive of Messrs. CASSELL going in for the shoemaking trade. *The Last Days of Palmyra* I have never read. "I will try it," says the bold Baron.

But what means this new style of printing on thin double sheets? One advantage is that no cutting is required. If this form become the fashion, better thus to bring out the *Utterbosh Series*, which shall then escape the critics' hands,—no cutting being required. There are, as those who use the paper-knife to these volumes will discover, in this new issue of Messrs. CASSELL'S, two blank pages for every two printed ones, so that a new novel might be written in MS. inside the printed one. The paper is good and clean to the touch; but I prefer the stiff cover to the limp, "there 's more backbone about it," says the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Scarcely time to bring out a pocket edition (like those genuine pocketable and portable editions, the red-backed ROUTLEDGES) of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, between now and the date of its production, next Saturday, at the Lyceum. But worth while doing it as soon as possible. *Advice gratis.* B. DE B.-W.

P.S.—(*Important to Authors and Scribblers.*)—Unfortunately the Baron has been compelled to take to his bed (which he doesn't "take to" at all—but this by the way), and there write. Once more he begs to testify to the excellence both of *The Hairless Author's Pad*—no *The Author's Hairless Pad*—and of the wooden rest and frame into which it fits. Nothing better for an invalid than rest for his frame, and here are rest and frame in one. Given these (or, if not "given," purchased), and a patent indelible-ink-lead pencil (whose patent I don't know, as, with much use, the gold-lettering is almost obliterated from mine, and all I can make out is the word "Eagle"), and the convalescent author may do all his work in comfort, without mess or muddle; and hereto, once again, I set my hand and seal, so know all men by these presents, all to the contrary nevertheless and notwithstanding. B. DE B.-W.

GREEN PASTURES *OR* PICCADILLY?

To the Editor.

SIR,—I see that you have opened your columns to a discussion of the relative advantages of life in London and the Suburbs. I don't think that really the two can be compared. If you want *perfect quietude*, can you get it better than in a place where, between nine and six, not a single male human being is visible, all of them being in town? Some people may call this dull; but I like it. Then everything is so cheap in the Suburbs! I only pay £100 a year for a nice house in a street, with a small bath-room, and a garden quite as large as a full-sized billiard-table. People tell me I could get the same thing in London, but of course a suburban street must be nicer than a London one. We are just outside the Metropolitan main drainage system, and our death-rate is rather heavy, but then our rates are light. My butcher only charges me one-and-twopence a pound for best joints, and though this is a little dearer than London, the meat is probably more wholesome from being in such good air as we enjoy. In winter-time the journey to town, half-an-hour by train, has a most bracing effect on those capable of bearing severe cold. For the rest, the incapables are a real blessing to those who sell mustard-plasters and extra-sized pocket-handkerchiefs. Our society is so select and refined that I verily believe Belgravia can show nothing like it! Yours obediently,

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

SIR,—The Suburbs are certainly delightful, if you have a good train service; but this you seldom get. I do not complain of our Company taking three-quarters of an hour to perform the distance of eight and a half miles to the City, as this seems a good average suburban rate, but I do think the "fast" train (which performs the distance in that time) might start a little later than 8·30 A.M. Going in to business at 10·30 by an "ordinary" train, which stops at sixteen stations, and takes an hour and a half, becomes after a time rather monotonous. It involves a painful "Rush in Urbe" to get through business in time to catch the 4·30 "express" back, a train which (theoretically) stops nowhere. COUNTRY CUSSIN'.

SIR,—No more London for me! I've tried it, and know what it's like. I have found a delightful cottage, twenty miles from town, and mean to live in it always. Do we ever have one of your nasty yellow fogs here? Never! Nothing more than a thick white mist, which rises from the fields and envelopes the house every night. It is true that several of our family complain of rheumatism, and when I had rheumatic fever myself a month ago, I found it a little inconvenient being six miles from a doctor and a chemist's shop. But then my house is so picturesque, with an Early English wooden porch (which can be kept from falling to pieces quite easily by hammering a few nails in now and then, and re-painting once a week), and no end of gables, which only let the water into the bedrooms in case of a *very* heavy shower. Then think of the delights of a garden, and a field (for which I pay £20 a year, and repair the hedges), and chickens! I don't think I have spent more than £50 above what I should have done in London, owing to the necessity of fitting up chicken-runs and buying a conservatory for my wife, who is passionately fond of flowers. Unfortunately my chickens are now moulting, and decline to lay again before next March; so I bring back fresh eggs from town, and, as my conservatory is not yet full, flowers from Covent Garden; and I can assure you that, until you try it, you cannot tell the amount of pleasure and exercise which walking a couple of miles (the distance of my cottage from the station), laden with groceries and other eatables, can be made to afford. Yours chirpily, FIELD-FARE.

GOOD FOR SPORT!—A well-known chartered accountant, with a vulpine patronymic, complains of the unkind treatment he recently received in Cologne at the hands of the German police. He should be consoled by the thought, that his persecution marked in those latitudes the introduction of FOX-hunting.

YANKEE EXCLUSIVENESS.

Young Britisher. "YOUR FATHER 'S NOT WITH YOU THEN, MISS VAN TROMP?"
Fair New York Millionnairess (one of three). "WHY, NO—PA 'S MUCH TOO VULGAR! IT 'S AS MUCH AS WE CAN DO TO STAND MA!"

THE QUICKSAND!

Is this the Eagle-hunter,
The valiant fate-confronter,
The soldier brave, and blunter
Of speech than BISMARCK'S self?
This bungler all-disgracing,
This braggart all-debasing,
This spurious sportsman, chasing
No nobler prey than pelf?

The merest "fly in amber,"
He after eagles clamber?
Nay, faction's ante-chamber
Were fitter place for him,
A trifler transitory,
To gasconade of "glory"!
He 'd foul fair France's story,
Her lustre pale and dim.

Les Coulisses? Ah, precisely!
They suit his nature nicely,
Who bravely, nobly, wisely,
Can hardly even "act."
Histrio all *blague* and blather,
Is it not pity, rather,
One Frenchman should foregather
With him in selfish pact?

In selfish pact—but silly.
His neighbouring, willy-nilly,
Must smirch the Bee, the Lily,
Or stain the snow-white flag.
Wielder of mere stage-dagger,
Loud lord of empty swagger,
In peril's hour a lagger,
A Paladin of Brag!

And now his venture faileth,
And now his valour paleth;
Et après? What availeth
His aid to those who 'd use him?
Imperial or Royal,
What "patron" will prove loyal
Unto this "dupe"? They 'll joy all
To mock, expose, abuse him!

But from the contest shrinking,
The draught of failure drinking,
In trickery's quicksand sinking,
Pulls he not others down?
Will PLON-PLON stand securely,
The COMTE pose proudly, purely,
Whilst slowly but most surely
Their tool must choke or drown?

Indifferent France sits smiling.
And what avails reviling?
Such pitch without defiling
Can "Prince" or "Patriot"
touch?
This quicksand unromantic
Closes on him, the Antic,
Whose hands with gestures frantic
Contiguous coat-tails clutch.

The furious factions splutter,
Power's cheated claimants mutter,
And foiled fire-eaters utter
Most sanguinary threats.
"*He* Freedom's fated suckler?
The traitor, trickster, truckler!"
So fumes the fierce swash-buckler,
And his toy-rapier whets.

But will that quicksand only
Engulph *him* lost and lonely?
The fraud exposed, the known lie,
The bribe at length betrayed,
Must whelm this sham detected,
But what may be expected
From "Honour" shame-infected,
And "Kingship" in the shade?

THE RAVENSTEIN.

[MR. RAVENSTEIN, at the British Association, considered the question, how long it will be before the world becomes over-populated.]

Punch to the Prophet.

PROPHET of o'er-population, your ingenious calculation, [mind
Causeth discombobulation only in the anxious
That forecasts exhausted fuel, or the period when the duel
Will have given their final gruel to French journalists; a kind
Of cantankerous, rancorous spitfires, blusterous, braggart, boyish, blind,
Who much mourning scarce would find.

Prophet of o'er-population, when the centuries in rotation
Shall have filled our little planet till it tends to running o'er,
Will this world, with souls o'erladen, be a Hades or an Aidenn?
Will man, woman, boy and maiden, be less civilised, or more?
That's the question, RAVENSTEIN! What boots a billion, less or more,
If Man still is fool or boor?

"Seek not to proticipate" is *Mrs. Gamp's* wise maxim. Great is
Mankind's number *now*, but "take 'em as they come, and as they go,"
Like the philosophic *Sairey*; and though the sum total vary,
Other things may vary likewise, things we dream not, much less know,
Don't you think, my RAVENSTEIN, our state ten centuries hence or so
We may prudently—let go?

THE QUICKSAND!

PREPARING FOR BLACK MONDAY.

Paterfamilias (*reading School Report*). "AH, MY BOY, THIS ISN'T SO GOOD AS IT MIGHT BE. 'LATIN INDIFFERENT,' 'FRENCH POOR,' 'ARITHMETIC NOTHING'!"

Tommy. "AH, BUT LOOK DOWN THERE, PAPA. '*HEALTH* EXCELLENT'!"

TO A TRUMPETING DEMOCRAT.

[MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the Iron King and millionnaire of Pittsburg, has been addressing big audiences in Scotland. Amongst his remarks were the following:—"It is said that in America, although we have no aristocracy, we are cursed with a plutarchy. Let me tell you about that. A man who carries a million dollars on his back carries a load. . . . When I speak against the Royal Family I do not condescend to speak of the creatures who form the Royal Family—persons are so insignificant. . . . We laugh at your ideas in this petty little country having anything to say to the free and independent citizens who walk through Canada, Australia, and America. You know how to get rid of a Monarchy. Brazil has taught you."—&c., &c.]

CARNEGIE, pray take notice, since I know that it would blister
The thin skin of a democrat, I drop the title "Mr.,"
You have talked a lot of bunkum, all mixed up with most terrific cant.
But you truly said that "persons are so very insignificant;"
And the author of a speech I read, part scum and partly dreggy,
Is perhaps the least significant—that windbag named CARNEGIE.
But your kindness most appals me, Sir; how really, truly gracious,
For one whose home is in the States, free, great, and most capacious,
To come to poor old England (where the laws but make the many fit
To lick a Royal person's boots), and all for England's benefit.
To preach to us, and talk to us, to tell us how effete we are,
How like a flock of silly sheep who merely baa and bleat we are.
And how "this petty little land," which prates so much of loyalty,
Is nothing but a laughing-stock to Pittsburg Iron-Royalty.
How titles make a man a rake, a drunkard, and the rest of it,
While plain (but wealthy) democrats in Pittsburg have the best of it.
How, out in Pennsylvania, the millionnaires are panting [banting.
(Though there's something always keeps them fat) for monetary
How free-born citizens complain, with many Yankee curses,
Of fate which fills, in spite of them, their coffers and their purses.
How, if the man be only poor, there's nothing that can stop a cit
In Yankeeland, while here with us the case is just the opposite.
How honest British working-men who fail to fill their larder
Should sail for peace and plenty by the very next Cunarder.
And how, in short, if Britishers want freedom gilt with millions,
They can't do wrong to imitate the chivalrous Brazilians.

Well, well, I know we have our faults, quite possibly a crowd of them,
And sometimes we deceive ourselves by thinking we are proud of them;
But we never can have merited that *you* should set the law to us,
And rail at us, and sneer at us, and preach to us, and "jaw" to us.
We're much more tolerant than some; let those who hate the law go
And spout sedition in the streets of anarchist Chicago;
And, after that, I guarantee they'll never want to roam again,
Until they get a first-class hearse to take their bodies home again.

But stay, I've hit upon a plan: We'll, first of all, relieve you
Of all your million dollars that so oneronsly grieve you;
Then, if some loud, conceited fool wants taking down a peg, he
Shall spend an hour or so in talk with democrat CARNEGIE.
For all men must admit 'twould be an act of mere insanity
To try to match this Pittsburger in bluster or in vanity.
And oh, when next our Chancellor is anxious for a loan, Sir,
He'll buy you in at our price, and he'll sell you at your own, Sir.
And if you don't like English air, why, dash it, you may lump it,
Or go and blow in other climes your most offensive trumpet!

ROBERT UP THE RIVER.

I ATENDED on a Party larst week as went up the River (our nice little Stream, as the aughty Amerrycanes calls it) to Ship Lake, tho' why it's called so I coodn't at all make out, as there ain't no Ship nor no Lake to be seen there, ony a werry little Werry, and a werry littel River, and a werry littel Hiland; and it was prinsepally to see how the appy yung Gents who sumtimes lives on the same littel Hiland, in littel Tents, was a gitting on, as injuced all on us, me and all, to go there. It seems that for years parst quite a littel Collony of yung Gents as gets their living in the grand old Citty has been in the habit of spending their littel summer Hollydays there, but, somehows or other, as I coodn't quite understand, the master of the littel Hiland made up his mind for to sell it, and all the yung Gents was in dispair, and wundered where on airth they shood spend their Hollydays in future. But they needn't have been afeard—there was a grand old hinstitushun called "The Copperashun!" as had both their ears and both their eyes open when they heard about it. So when the time came for it to be sold, they jest quietly says to one of their principel Chairmen (who is sich a King of Good Fellers that they all calls him by that name, and he arnsers to it jest as if it was the werry name as was guv him by his Godfathers and his Godmothers, as I myself heard with my own ears), "Go and buy it!" So off he goes at wunce and buys it, and the kindly Copperashun Gents as I went with larst week, went to take possesshun on it acordingly, and to see if anythink coud be done to make the yung Campers-out ewen more cumferabel than they ewer was afore! Ah, that's what I calls trew Pattriotizm, and trew Libberality, if you likes, and that's what makes 'em so much respeckted.

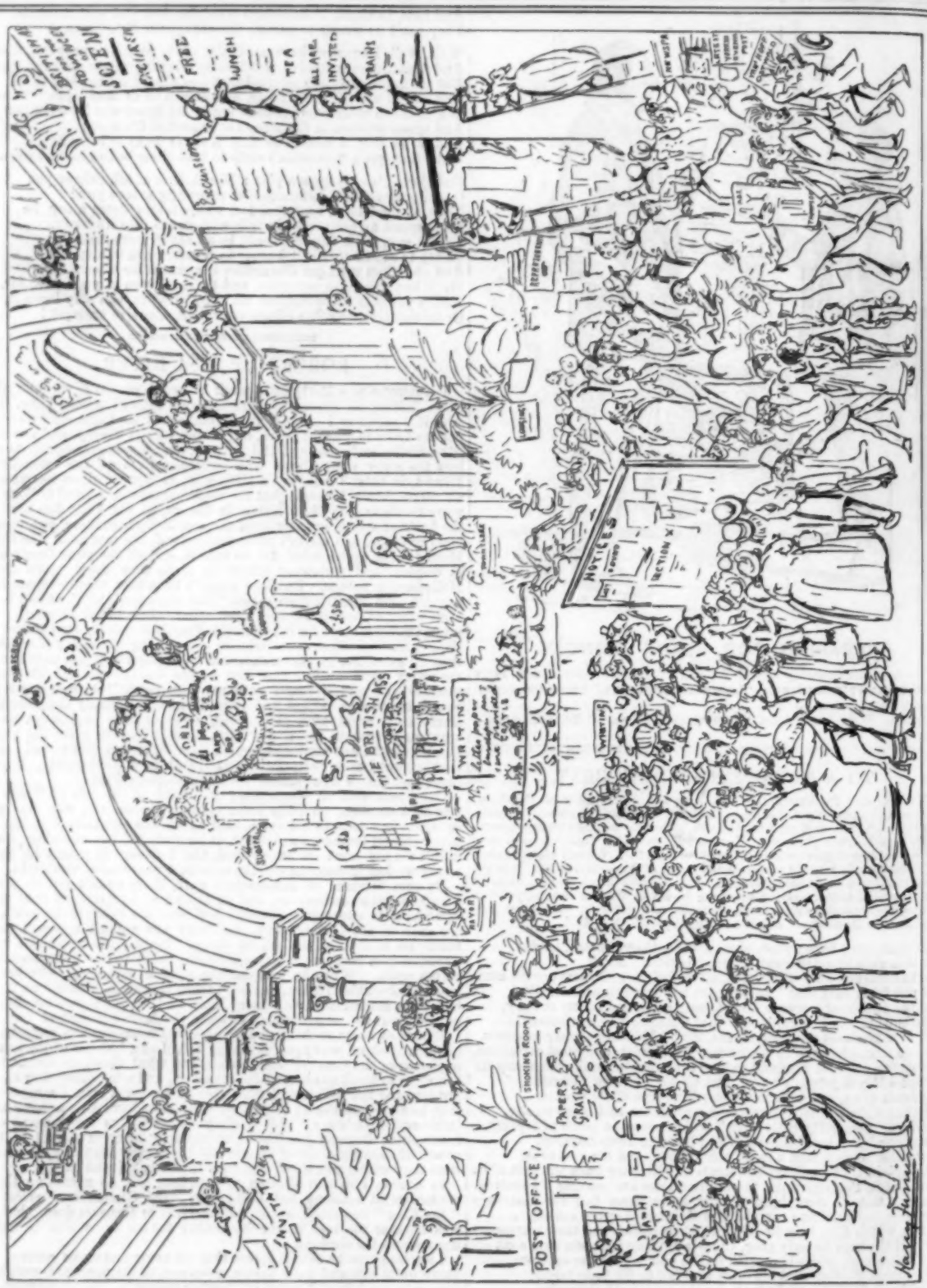
Our Gents was all considrably surprized at the lots of Tents as was all a standing on Ship Lake Island; one on 'em, who was got up quite in a naughtical style, said as he was estonished to see so many on 'em pitched, but I think as he must ha' bin mistaken, for I didn't see not none on 'em pitched, tho' I dessay it might ha' been werry usefool in keeping out the rain on a remarkabel wet night.

By sum mistake on sumboddy's part, there wasn't not no yung Campers-out to receeve us, and so fears was hentertained that they wood have to cum again shortly; but they are bold plucky gents, is the men of the Copperashun, and they one and all xpressed their reddiness to do it at the call of dooty. Besides, we had sich a reel Commodore a board as made us all quite reddy to brave the foaming waves again. Why, he guv out the word of command, whether it was to "Port the Helem," or to "Titen the mane braces," as if he had bin a Hadmiral at the werry least, and his galliant crew obeyed him without not no grumbling or ewen thretening to strike!

By one of them striking and remarkabel ocurrences as happens so offen, who shood we appen to find at Ship Lake, but one of the werry poplarest of the Court of Haldermen, and what shood he do but ask 'em all in to lunch at his splendid manshun, and what shood they all do but jump at the hoffer, and what does he do, for a lark, I serppose—if so be as a reel Poplar Alderman ewer does have sich a thing as a lark—and give 'em all sich a glorjous spread, as I owerheard one henergetick Deperty describe it, as hutterly deprived 'em all of the power of heating a bit of dinner till the werry next day, to which time they wisely put it off, and then thorowly injoyed it.

In course, I'm not allowed to menshun not no names on these conferdential ocasions, but I did hear "the Commodore" shout to "the King" sumthink about "Hansum is as Hansum does," but it was rayther too late in the heavening for me to be able to quite unnerstand his elusions.

I am 'appy to be able to report that we every one on us arrived in Town quite safe and quite happy, xcep sum of the pore hard-working crew who are left at Marlow till further orders. ROBERT.



MEETING OF THE B. A. FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE. LEEDS TOWN-HALL.

A FAIR PROPOSAL.

Johnson (at window—having offered to tame a vicious Horse for his Friend). "NOW, TOM, JUST COLLAR HOLD OF HIS HEAD, AND I'LL PUT THE MUZZLE ON!"

A SPORTING STYLE.

(Third Example.)

Two examples of a correct sporting style have been already laid before the public. For convenience of reference they may be defined as the mixed-pugilistic and the insolent. There is, however, a third variety, the equine, in which everyone who aspires to wield the pen of a sporting reporter must necessarily be a proficient. It may be well to warn a beginner that he must not attempt this style until he has laid in a large stock of variegated metaphoric expressions. As a matter of fact one horse-race is very much like another in its main incidents, and the process of betting against or in favour of one horse resembles, more or less, the process of betting about any other. The point is, however, to impart to monotonous incidents a variety they do not possess; and to do this properly a luxuriant vocabulary is essential. For instance, in the course of a race, some horses tire, or, to put it less offensively, go less rapidly than others. The reporter will say of such a horse that he (1) "shot his bolt," or (2) "cried *peccavi*," or (3) "cried a go," or (4) "compounded," or (5) "exhibited signals of distress," or (6) "fired minute guns," or (7) "fell back to mend his bellows," or (8) "seemed to pause for reflection."

Again, in recording the upward progress of horses in the betting market, it would be ridiculous to say of all of them merely that they became hot favourites. Vary, therefore, occasionally, by saying of one, for example, that "here was another case of one being eventually served up warm"; of another, that "plenty of the talent took 7 to 4 about *Mousetrap;*" of a third, that "*Paradox* had the call at 4 to 1;" and of a fourth, that "a heap of money, and good money too, went on *Backslide.*" After these preliminary instructions, *Mr. Punch* offers his

Third Example.—Event to be described: A horse-race. Names of horses and jockeys, weights, &c., supplied.

Considerable delay took place. *Little Benjy* made a complete hole in his manners by bolting. Eventually, however, the flag fell to a capital start. *Burglar Bill* on the right cut out the work* from *Paladin*, who soon began to blow great guns, and after a quarter of a mile had been negotiated yielded his pride of place to *Cudlums* with *The P'liceman* in attendance, *Sobriety* lying fourth, and *D. T.* close behind. Thus they raced to the bend, where *Burglar Bill* cried *peccavi*, and *Cudlums* having shot her bolt, *Sobriety* was left in front, only to be challenged by *Cropeared Sue*, who had been coming through her horses with a wet sail. Rounding the bend SIMPSON called upon *Mrs. Brady* and literally took tea with her rivals,† whom he nailed to the counter one after another. The favourite compounded at the distance, and *Mrs. Brady* romped home the easiest of winners, four lengths ahead of *Cropeared Sue;* a bad third. The rest were whipped in by *Flyaway*, who once more failed to justify the appellation bestowed upon him.

Mr. Punch flatters himself that, upon the above model, the report of any race-meeting could be accurately constructed at home. In future, therefore, no reporter should go to the expense of leaving London for Epsom, Newmarket, Ascot, or Goodwood.

* Note this sentence. It is essential.

† At first sight it would appear more natural that SIMPSON (presumably a jockey) having called upon *Mrs. Brady*, should take tea with *her* rather than with her rivals. But a sporting style involves us in puzzles.

A CENTENARIAN.

"This is the centenary of the tall hat."
Daily News.

A HUNDRED years of hideousness,
Constricted brows, and strain, and stress!
And still, despite humanity's groan,
The torturing "tall-hat" holds its own!
What proof more sure and melancholy
Of the dire depths of mortal folly?

Mad was the hatter who invented
The demon "topper," and demented
The race that, spite of pain and jeers,
Has borne it—for One Hundred Years!

HAMLET AT THE VEGETARIAN CONGRESS.

YEA, from the table of my dining-room,
I'll take away all tasty joints and *entrées*.

All sorts of meat, all forms of animal diet
That the carnivorous cook hath gathered there;
And, by commandment, will entirely live
Within the bounds of vegetable food,
Unmixed with savoury matters. Yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious Meat!
O mutton, beef, and pork, digestion-spoiling!
My tables, my tables! Meat? I'll put it down;
For men may dine, and dine, and do no killing,
At least I'm sure it may be so—on lentils.
So, *gourmand*, there you are! Now to my *menu*:
It is, "*All Vegetables and no Meat!*"
I have sworn't!

INTERVIEWING À LA MODE.

(Quite at the Service of some of Mr. Punch's Contemporaries.)

ONE of our Representatives called a few days since upon Mr. BROWN, senior member of the well-known firm of Messrs. BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. The Eminent General Dealer was seated "in his counting-house," as the nursery-song hath it, "counting out his money."

"Come in, come in!" said Mr. BROWN, cordially, as he somewhat hurriedly locked up the coin in a safe out of our reach. "I am delighted to see you."

"Glad to hear it," we replied, rather drily. "We want to put a few questions to you, in the interest of the public."

"As many as you please. I am, as you know, a man of business; still, the resources of our establishment are so vast, that my place can be supplied without inconvenience to our thousands, I may say millions of customers. And now, Sir, what can I do for you?"

"Well, Mr. BROWN, speaking in the name of civilisation, I would wish to ask you if you have much sale for SMASHUP'S Concentrated Essence of Cucumbers (registered), in the larger bottles?"

"Yes, Sir, we have; although the smaller sizes are, possibly, a trifle more popular."

"What do you think of COTTONBACK'S Fleur de Lyons Putney Satin?"

"A most admirable material for home wear, although we do not recommend it for use at a party, a ball, or a reception. For festive occasions we do a very large trade in GIGGLEWATER'S Superfine Velvet South American *Moiré Antique* as advertised."

"Indeed! Perhaps, you can mention a few more articles that in your judgment you believe it will interest our readers to learn about."

"Pardon me, but don't you put that sentence a trifle clumsily?"

Our Representative smiled and blushed. Then he admitted that Mr. BROWN might be right.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Senior Partner, in great glee. "You see I have my head screwed on the right way! But to answer you. GOTEMON'S Patent Alligator's Skin Braces are attracting much attention just now, so is WIPE'S Castle 2 Imperial William Champagne, which finds (I may observe confidentially) a ready sale at thirty-two shillings the dozen. Then there are AKE'S Electric Tooth-brushes, and CRAX'S Stained-glass Solid Mahogany Brass-mounted Elizabethan Mantel-boards. Then, of course, I must not forget BOLTER'S Washhandstands and BOUNDER'S Anti-agony Aromatic Pills."

"And all these articles sell largely?"

"Very largely, indeed. And so they should; for they are well worth the money they cost."

"Indeed they are, or I should not find them in your establishment."

"You are very good. And now, *à propos* of your journal, will you permit me to pay a return compliment?"

"Certainly," we replied. "You have noticed an improvement in our columns?"

"Unquestionably I have," returned Mr. BROWN, emphatically. "I have observed that of late you have given much interesting matter in the body of your paper that heretofore used to be reserved for the pages exclusively devoted to advertisements. I congratulate you!"

And with a courteous wave of his hand and a bow of dismissal, the Eminent Pillar of Commerce delicately intimated to us that our interview was at an end.

'ARRY ON THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Your faviour to 'and in doo course, as the quill-drivers say;
Likeways also the newspaper cuttins enclosed. You 're on Rummikey's lay.
Awful good on yer, CHARLIE, old chummy, to take so much trouble for me;
But do keep on yer 'air, dear old pal; *I* am still right end uppards, yer see.

You are needled along of some parties,—er course you ain't fly to their names,—
As has bin himitating Yours Truly. Way-oh! It 's the oldest o' games, [was right, anyhow,
Himitation is, CHARLIE. It makes one think DARWIN
And that most on us did come from monkeys, which some ain't so fur from 'em now.

You start a smart game, or a paying one—something as knocks 'em, dear boy, [or a sixpenny toy;
No matter, mate, whether it 's mustard, or rhymes,
They 'll be arter you, nick over nozzle, the smuggers of notions and nips,
For the mugs is as 'ungry for wrinkles as broken-down bookies for tips.

Look at DICKENS, dear boy, and Lord TENNYSON—ain't they bin copied all round?
Wy, I 'm told some as liked ALFRED'S verses at fust, is now sick of the sound;
All along o' the parrots, my pippin. Ah, that 's jest the wust o' seeh fakes!
People puke at the shams till they think the originals ain't no great shakes.

'Tain't fair, CHARLIE, not by a jugful, but anger 's all fiddle-de-dee;
They may copy my style till all 's blue, but they won't discombobulate me.
Names and metres is anyone's props; but of one thing they don't get the 'ang;
They ain't fly to good patter, old pal, they ain't copped the straight griffin on slang.

'Tisn't grammar and spellin' makes patter, nor yet snips and snaps of snide talk.
You may cut a moke out o' pitch-pine, mate, and paint it, but can't make it walk.
You may chuck a whole Slang Dixionary by chunks in a stodge-pot of chat,
But if 'tisn't *alive*, 'tain't chin-music, but kibosh, and corpsey at that.

Kerrectness be jolly well jiggered! Street slang isn't Science, dear pal,
And it don't need no "glossery" tips to hinterpret my chat to my gal.
I take wot comes 'andy permiskus, wotever runs slick and fits in,
And when smugs makes me out a "philolergist,"—snuffers! it do make me grin!

Still there 's fitness, dear boy, and *un*fitness, and some of these jossers, jest now,
Who himitate 'ARRY'S few letters with weekly slapdabs of bow-wow,
'Ave about as much "fit" in their "slang" as a slop-tailor's six-and-six bags.
No, Yours Truly writes only to you, and don't spread *hisself* out in the Mags.

Mister P. prints my letters, occasional, once in a while like, dear boy;
For patter 's like love-letters, CHARLIE, too long and too frequent, they cloy.
I agree there with *Samivel Veller*. My echoes I 've no wish to stop,
But I 'd jest like to say 'tisn't *me* as is slopping all over the shop.

It do give me the ditherums, CHARLIE, it makes me feel quite quisby snitch,
To see the fair rush for a feller as soon as he 's found a good pitch.
Jest like anglers, old man, on the river; if one on 'em spots a prime swim,
And is landing 'em proper, you bet arf the others 'll crowd about *him*.

But there 's law for the rodsters, I 'm told, CHARLIE; so many foot left and right;
And you 'll see the punts spotted at distance, like squodrons of troops at a fight.
But in Trade, Art, and Littery lines, CHARLIE, 'anged if there 's any fair play,
And the "cullerable himitation" is jest the disgrace of the day.

Seeh scoots scurryfunging around on the gay old galoot, to go snacks
In the profits of other folks' notions, have put you, old pal, in a wax.
Never mind their shenanigan, CHARLIE; it don't do much hurt, anyhow;
I was needled a trifle at fust, but I 'm pooty seroodnoodleous now.

I 'm all right and a arf, mate, I am, and ain't going to rough up, no fear!
Becos two or three second-hand 'ARRIES is tipping the public stale beer.
The old tap 'll turn on now and then, not too often, and as for the rest,
The B. P. has a taste for sound tipple, and knows when it 's served with the best.

If mine don't 'old its own on its merits, then way-oh! for someone's as does!
All cop and no blue ain't my motter; that 's all tommy-rot and buz-wuz.
The pace of a yot must depend on her lines and the canvas she 'll carry;
If rivals can crowd on more sail, wy they 're welcome to overhaul 'ARRY.

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Contains no Sugar. Is not stored in Sherry Casks.
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44s. per Doz.
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THE PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.
GUILDFORD STREET, YORK ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E.

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TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.
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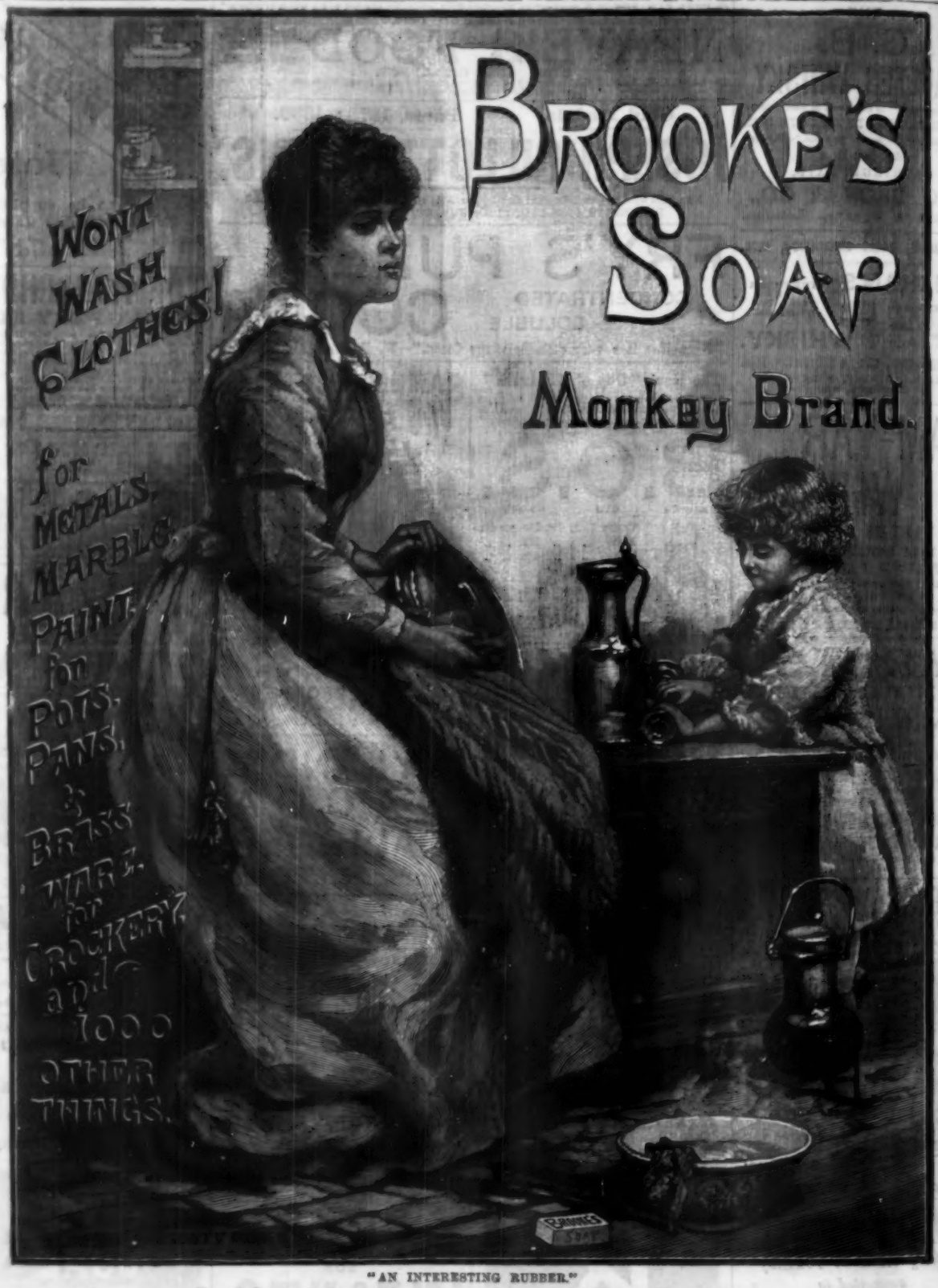

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